

Namedropping

I was having tea the other day with Nancy Pelosi, when she got a call from her good friend Tom Hanks. Tom wanted to tell her about how he'd been out with his favorite shopping partner, Paris Hilton, when Paris accidentally swung a bag of clothes into the face of her aide, Ken Burns. Ken, of course, was already feeling bad after losing his therapist, Warren Buffett. He had to fire him after Warren kept spending their sessions raving about his new chef, Frank Gehry. Frank, you know, always left work in a towering rage, going home to scream obscenities at his housekeeper, Thomas Friedman. Last time Thomas took it out on a cab driver, Woody Allen. Woody spent the rest of the day feeling dejected until, on his way home, he was approached by Richard Posner, covered in rags and begging for spare change.

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